THE

HISTORY

OF

JACK of NEWBURY.

Price SIX-PENCE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF Mr. JOHN WINCHCOMB, ALIAS JACK of NEWBURY,

The Famous and Worthy

CLOTHIER of ENGLAND:

CONTAINING

His Life; Acts of Hospitality; and his keeping Five Hundred poor People employed, to the great Benefit of the Community, &c.

NEWBURY:

PRINTED FOR AND BY J. WILLIS, ON THE BRIDGE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To all the famous Cloth-Workers of England, I wiſh all Happineſs of Life, Proſperity, and brotherly Affection.

AMONG all manual arts uſed in this kingdom, none is more famous or beneficial than The moſt neceſſary art of Clothing: And as the benefit thereof is great, ſo are the profeſſors to be both loved and maintained. Many wiſe men, therefore, having deeply conſidered the ſame, moſt bountifully have beſtowed their gifts for upholding ſo excellent a branch, which hath been, and yet is, the nouriſhing of many thouſands of poor people. Wherefore, to you moſt worthy Clothiers do I dedicate this piece, which hath raiſed out of the duſt of forgetfulneſs, a moſt famous and worthy man, whoſe name was John Winchcomb, of whoſe life and love I have briefly written, and in a plain manner, that it may be the better underſtood by thoſe I took the pains to compile it, that is, for the well-minded Clothiers, that they may ſee the great reſpect and credit which men of this trade have in former time come unto. If, therefore, this be kindly accepted of, I have my deſire, and think my pains well recompenced. In the mean time, I commend you all to the moſt high God; who ever increaſe in all perfection and proſperous eſtate, the long honourable trade of Engliſh Clothiers. Your's, &c.

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THE

HISTORY

OF

Mr. JOHN WINCHCOMB,

Called in his younger Days,

JACK of NEWBURY.

CHAP. I.

Of JACK *of* NEWBURY's *Love, and pleaſant Life.*

IN the days of King Henry the Eighth, that moſt noble and victorious Prince, in the beginning of his reign, JOHN WINCHCOMB, a broad cloth weaver, dwelt at Newbury, in Berkſhire, who, being a man of a merry diſpoſition and honeſt converſation, was beloved by rich and poor; eſpecially, becauſe in every place where he came, he would ſpend his money with the beſt, and was no churle of his purſe; wherefore, being ſo good a companion, he was called by old and young, *Jack of Newbury*; a man ſo generally well known in the country round for his good fellowſhip, that he could go into no place but he found acquaintance; by means whereof, Jack could no ſooner get a crown, but he found means to ſpend it; yet had he ever this care, to keep himſelf in comely and decent apparel; neither at any time would he be overcome with drink, but ſo diſcreetly behave himſelf with honeſt mirth and pleaſant conceits, that he was every gentleman's companion.

After that Jack had long led this pleaſant life, being, though he were poor, in good eſtimation, it was his maſ-

te's lot to die, and his dame to be a widow, who was a very comely ancient woman, and of a reaſonable wealth; wherefore, ſhe having a good opinion of her man John, committed unto his government the guiding of all her work-ſolks for three years together, in which time ſhe found him ſo careful and diligent that all things proſpered. No man could entice him from his buſineſs the whole week, by all the entreaties they could uſe; inſomuch, that ſome of the wild youths of the town began to deride and ſcoff at him: nevertheleſs, all holy-days, Jack would be as merry as a pie, and having good ſtore of money in his purſe, one or other would ever be a borrowing of him, but never could he get one penny of it again; which, when Jack perceived, he would never after carry above twelve pence at once in his purſe, and that being ſpent, he would ſtrait return home merrily, taking leave of his company in this ſort:

My maſters I thank you, 'tis time to pack home,
And he that wants money is counted a mome:
And twelve pence one day being ſpent in good cheer,
To fifty-two ſhillings amounts in the year;
Enough for a craftſman that lives by his hands,
And he that exceeds it ſhall purchaſe no lands;
For that I ſpend this day I'll work hard to-morrow,
For wee is that party that ſeeketh to borrow.
My money doth make me full merry to be,
And without my money none careth for me:
Therefore, wanting money, what ſhould I do here,
But haſte home, and thank you for all my good cheer.

Thus was Jack's good government and diſcretion noted of the beſt and ſubſtantialeſt men of the town, ſo that it wrought his great commendation; and his dame thought herſelf not a little bleſt to have ſuch a ſervant, that was ſo obedient unto her, and ſo careful for her profit, for ſhe had never an apprentice that yielded her more obedience than he did, or was more dutiful; ſo that by his example

he

he did as much good as by his diligent labour and travel; which his ſingular virtue being noted by the widow, ſhe began to caſt a very good countenance to her man John, and to uſe very much talk with him in private: and firſt, by way of communication, ſhe would tell unto him what ſuiters ſhe had, and the great offers they made her; what gifts they ſent to her, and the great affection they bore her, craving his opinion in the matter.

When Jack found the favour to be his Dame's Secretary, he thought it an extraordinary kindneſs, and gueſſing by the yarn it would prove a good web, began to queſtion with his Dame in this ſort: Although it becometh not me, your ſervant, to pry into your ſecrets, nor to be buſy about matters of your love; yet, foraſmuch as it hath pleaſed you to uſe conference with me in thoſe caſes, I pray you let me entreat you to tell me the names of thoſe that be your ſuitors, and of what profeſſions they be?

Marry John, ſaid ſhe, that you ſhall; and I pray you take a cuſhion and ſit down by me. Dame, replied he, I thank you, but there is no reaſon I ſhould ſit on a cuſhion till I have deſerved it: if thou haſt not, thou mightſt have done, ſaid ſhe; but faint ſoldiers never find favour. John replied, that, indeed, makes me want favour; for I durſt not try maidens becauſe they ſeem coy, nor wives for fear of their huſbands, nor widows, doubting their diſdainfulneſs. Tuſh, John, anſwered ſhe, he that fears and doubt womankind cannot be counted a man; and take this for a principle, All things are not as they ſeem; but let us leave this, and proceed to our former matter. My firſt ſuitor dwells at Wallingford, by trade, a tanner, a man of good wealth, and his name is Crafts, of comely perſonage, and very good behaviour, a widower, well thought of amongſt his neighbours; he hath proper land, a fair houſe, and well furniſhed, and never a child in the world, and he loves me paſſing well.

Why then, Dame, ſaid John, you were beſt to have him, is that your opinion? replied ſhe, now truſt me, ſo it is not mine: for I find two ſpecial reaſons to the contrary; the one is, that, he being over-worn in years makes me loath to love him; and the other, that, I know one nearer hand.

Believe me, Dame, anſwered Jack, I perceive ſtore is no ſore, and proffered ware is worſe by ten in the hundred than that which is ſought; but, I pray you, who is your ſecond ſuitor? John, ſaid ſhe, it may ſeem immodeſty in me to betray my lovers ſecrets; yet, ſeeing thy diſcretion, and being perſuaded of thy ſecrecy, I will ſhew thee: The other is a man of middle years, but yet a batchelor, by occupation a taylor, at Hungerford; by report, a very good huſband, ſuch a one that hath crowns good ſtore, and to me he profeſſes much good will, for his perſon he may pleaſe any woman: Aye, dame, replied John, becauſe he pleaſeth you. Not ſo, ſaid ſhe, for my eyes are impartial judges in that caſe; and although my opinion may be contrary to others, if his art deceive not my eye-ſight, he is worthy of a good wife, both for his perſon and condition. Then truſt me, dame, ſaid John, foraſmuch as you are without doubt of yourſelf that you would prove a good wife, and ſo well perſuaded of him, I ſhould think you could make no better choice. Truly, John, replied ſhe, there is alſo two reaſons that move me not to like of him: the one is, that being ſo long a ranger, he would be a ſtranger at home; and, the other, that I like one better nearer hand: Who is that? replied Jack: The third ſuitor, ſaith ſhe, is the parſon of Speenhamland, who hath a proper living, and is of holy converſation and good eſtimation, whoſe affection to me is great. No doubt, dame, replied John, you may do wondrous well with him, where you ſhall have no care but to ſerve God, and make ready his meat. O! John, ſaid ſhe, the fleſh and the ſpirit agree not; for he will be ſo bent to his book,

book, that he will have little thoughts of his wife; and a month ſtudying for a ſermon will make him forget her for a whole year. Truly, dame, ſaid John, I muſt needs ſpeak in his behalf, and rather, becauſe he is a man of the church, and your near neighbour, to whom, as I gueſs, you bear the beſt affection: I do not think he will be ſo much bound to his book, or ſubject to the ſpirit, but that he will remember a woman at home or abroad. Well, John, ſaid ſhe, my mind is not that way, for I like a better one nearer hand. No marvel, replied Jack, you are ſo peremptory, ſeeing you have ſo much choice: but I pray you, dame, let me know this fortnuate man, that is ſo highly placed in your favour, John, ſaid ſhe, they are worthy to know nothing, that cannot keep ſomething; that man, I tell thee, muſt go nameleſs, for he is Lord of my love, and King of my deſires; there is neither tanner, taylor, nor parſon may compare with him; his preſence is a preſervative to my health, his ſweet ſmiles my heart's ſolace, and his words heavenly muſic to my ears. Why, then, dame, replied John, for your body's health, your heart's joy, and your delight, delay not the time, but entertain him with a kiſs, make his bed next your's, and chop up the match in the morning. Well, ſaid ſhe, I perceive thy conſent is quickly got to any, having no care how I am matched, ſo I be but matched.------I wiſh I could not let thee go ſo lightly, being loath that any one ſhould have thee, except I could love her as well as myſelf. I thank you for your kindneſs and good will, good dame, replied he; but it is not wiſdom for a young man that can ſcantly keep himſelf, to take a wife; therefore, I hold it the beſt way to lead a ſingle life; for I have heard ſay, That many ſorrows follow marriage, eſpecially where want remains; and, beſides, it is a hard matter to find a conſtant woman; for as young maids are fickle, ſo are old women jealous; the one a grief too common, the other a torment intolerable, But, John, replied ſhe, conſider that maidens fickleneſs proceeds from vain fancies, but old woman's

man's jealouſy of ſuper-abounding love, therefore, the more to be borne with: But, dame, replied he, many are jealous without a cauſe; for, it is ſufficient for their ſuſpecting natures to take exceptions at a ſhadow, at a word, at a look, at a ſmile; nay, at the twinkling of an eye, which neither man or woman is able to expel. But, dame, to make an end of this prattle, becauſe it is an argument too deep to be diſcuſſed between you and I, you ſhall hear me ſing an old ſong, and ſo we will depart to ſupper:

A maiden fair I dare not wed,
For fear to have Acteon's head:
A maiden black is often proud;
A maiden little will be loud;
A maid that is high of growth,
They ſay is ſubject unto ſloth:
Thus fair or foul, yea, little or tall,
Some faults remain among them all.
But of all the faults that be,
None is ſo bad as jealouſy;
For jealouſy is fierce and fell,
And burns as hot as fire in hell:
It breeds ſuſpicion without cauſe,
And breaks the bonds of Reaſon's laws:
To none it is a greater foe,
Than unto thoſe where it doth grow.
And God keep me, both day and night,
From that fell, fude, and ugly ſpite;
For, why, of all the plagues that be,
The ſecret plague is jealouſy;
Therefore, I wiſh all women-kind,
Never to bear a jealous mind.

Well ſaid! John, replied ſhe, thy ſong is not ſo true, but thy voice is as ſweet---But ſeeing the time agrees with our ſtomachs, though loth, yet, we will give over for this time, and betake ourſelves to our ſuppers. Then calling

to

to the reſt of her ſervants, they fell to their meat merrily; and after ſupper the good wife went abroad for her recreation, to walk a while with one of her neighbours; and in the mean time John went up into his chamber, and there began to meditate on the matter, thinking what was beſt to do, for he perceived his dame's affections were very great towards him; knowing, therefore, the woman's diſpoſition, and her eſtate to be reaſonably good, and conſidering beſide that he ſhould find a houſe ready furniſhed, ſervants ready taught, and all other things neceſſary for his trade, he thought it beſt not to let ſlip ſo good an occaſion, leſt he ſhould not meet with the like; but when he conſidered her years as unfitting to his youth, and that ſhe who had ſometimes been his dame, would, perhaps. diſdain to be governed by him who had been her poor ſervant, and, therefore, it would prove but a bad bargain, and many inconveniencies would ariſe thereby, he reſolved to be ſilent, rather than to proceed further; whereupon he went to bed, and the next morning ſettled himſelf cloſe to his buſineſs. His dame coming home, and hearing that her man was gone to bed, took that night but ſmall reſt, and early in the morning hearing him at work, merrily ſinging, ſhe ſoon aroſe, and in ſeemly ſort attiring herſelf, came into the workſhop and ſat herſelf down to make quills. Good morrow, dame; how do you do? replied John. God a mercy John, anſwered ſhe, even as well as I may; for I was ſore troubled in my dreams; methought two doves walked together in a corn field, the one, as it were, in communication with the other, without regard of picking up any thing to ſuſtain themſelves; and after they had with many nods ſpent ſome time to their content, they both fell hard, with their pretty bills, to pick up the ſcattered corn left by the weary reaper's hand. At length, finding themſelves ſatisfied, it chanced another pigeon lighted in that place, with whom one of the firſt pigeons at length kept company; and after returning to the place where ſhe left her firſt companion, perceiving he was not there,

ſhe

ſhe kindly ſearched up and down the high ſtubble to find him, lighted at length on a hog faſt aſleep, wherewith methough the poor dove was ſo diſmayed, that preſently ſhe fell down in a trance: I ſeeing her legs fall, and her wings quiver, yielding herſelf to death, moved with pity, ran unto her, thinking to take up the pigeon, methought I had in my hands my own heart, wherein an arrow ſtuck ſo deep that the blood tickled down the ſhaft, and lay upon the fearhers like the ſilver pearl dew on the green graſs, which made me weep moſt bitterly But preſently, methought there came to me one crowned like a Queen, who told me my heart would die, except, in time, I got ſome of that ſleeping hog's greaſe to cure the wound: I therefore ran to the hog, with my heart bleeding in my hand, who grunted at me in a churliſh manner; whereupon, coming immediately home, I thought I found this hog ruſtling among my looms, wherewith I ſuddenly awaked after midnight, being all in a ſweat, and very ill: I am ſure you could not chuſe but hear me groan. Truſt me, dame, replied John, I heard you not, I was ſound aſleep. And thus, ſaid ſhe, a woman may die in the night before you will have the care to ſee what ſhe ails.

Thus the matter ended for two or three days, in which ſpace ſhe daily deviſed which way ſhe might obtain her deſire, which was to marry her man. Many things came into her head, and ſundry ſleights in her mind; but none of them did fit her fancy, ſo that ſhe become wondrous ſad, and as civil as the nine ſibils; and in this melancholy humour ſhe continued three weeks or a month, till at laſt on a Bartholomew fair day ſhe eſpied her man John give a pair of gloves to a proper maid for a fairing, which the maiden with a baſhful modeſty kindly accepted, and requited with a kiſs, which kindled in her an inward jealouſy; but, notwithſtanding, very diſcreetly ſhe covered it, and cloſely paſt along uneſpy'd of her man, or the maid.

She had not gone far before ſhe met with the taylor, one of her ſuitors, who was very briſk, and fine in his apparel, and inſiſted on treating her with a glaſs of wine; and after ſome faint denial, meeting with a goſſip of her's, to the tavern they went, which was more courteſy than the taylor could ever get of her before, ſhewing herſelf very pleaſant and merry; he, after another quart of wine renewed his ſuit; the widow with patience heard him, and gently anſwered, That in reſpect of his good will long time borne unto her, as alſo in regard of his gentleneſs, coſt, and courteſy, at that time beſtowed, ſhe would not flatly deny him: therefore, ſeeing this not a place to conclude on ſuch matters, if I may entreat you to come to my poor houſe on Thurſday next, you ſhall be heartily welcome, and be further ſatisfied of my mind; and thus preferred to touch her lips, he paid the ſhot and departed. The taylor was ſcarce out of ſight, when ſhe met with the tanner, who, although aged, boldly ſaluted her, and ſo ſtrongly inſiſted on her going to the tavern that he would take no denial. The widow ſeeing his importunity, calls her goſſip, and along they walked together: The old man called for plenty of wine, and the beſt cheer in the houſe; and in a hearty manner he bids the widow welcome; they had not ſat long, before in comes a noiſe of muſicians in tawney coats, who, taking off their caps, aſked if they would have any muſic. The widow anſwered, no; they were merry enough. Tut, ſaid the old man, let us hear, good fellows, what you can do; and play me *The Beginning of the World.* Alas! ſaid the widow, you had more need hearken to *The Ending of the World.* He had no ſooner ſpoken the word, but the parſon of Speen, with his corner cap pops in at the door, who, ſeeing the widow ſitting at the table, craved pardon, and came in. For want of the ſexton, here is the prieſt, if you need him, replied the widow. Marry, ſaid the tanner, in good time, for by this means we need not go to be married. Sir, ſaid the parſon, I ſhall do my beſt in a convenient place. Wherein? ſaid

the tanner: To wed her myſelf, replied the parſon. Nay, ſoft, ſaid the widow, one ſwallow makes not a ſummer, nor one meeting a marriage: as I lighted on you unlooked for, ſo came I hither unprovided for the purpoſe. I truſt, replied the tanner, you came not without your eyes to ſee, your tongue to ſpeak, your ears to hear, your hands to feel, nor your legs to go. I brought my eyes, replied ſhe, to diſcern colours, my tongue to ſay, no, to queſtions I like not, my ears to diſcern betwixt flattery and friendſhip, and my feet to run from ſuch as would wrong me. Why then, ſaid the parſon, by your gentle abiding in this place, it is evident there are none but ſuch as you like and love. God forbid I ſhould hate my friends, replied the widow, whom I take all theſe in this place to be. But there are divers ſorts of love, ſaith the parſon. You ſay true, replied the widow; I love yourſelf for your profeſſion, and my friend, the tanner, for his courteſy and kindneſs, and the reſt for their good company. Yet, ſaid the parſon, for the explaining of your love, I pray you drink to him you love beſt in the company. Why, replied the tanner, have you any hope of her love? Believe me, ſaid the parſon, as much as another. Why then, parſon, ſit down, ſaid the tanner; for you that are equal with me, in deſire, ſhall ſurely be half with me in the ſhot; and ſo, widow, in God's name, fulfil the parſon's requeſt. Seeing, ſaid the widow, you are ſo pleaſantly bent, if my courteſy may not breed contention among you, and that I may have the favour to ſhew my fancy, I will fulfil your requeſt. I am pleaſed, ſaid the parſon, however it be: and I, replied the tanner. Why then, returned the widow, with this cup of claret and ſugar, I heartily drink to the minſtrel's boy. Why, is it he, you love beſt? ſaid the parſon: I have reaſon, anſwered ſhe, to like and love them beſt that will be leaſt offended at my doings. Nay, widow, ſaid they, we meant you ſhould drink to him you loved beſt in the way of marriage: You ſhould have ſaid ſo at firſt, replied the widow; but, to tell you my opinion, it is

ſmall

ſmall diſcretion for a woman to diſcloſe her ſecret affection in an open aſſembly; therefore, if to the purpoſe you would ſpeak, let me entreat you both to come home to my houſe next Thurſday; where you ſhall be heartily welcome, and there fully reſolved of my mind; and, therefore, with thanks, at this time, I'll take my leave. The ſhot being paid, and the muſicians pleaſed, they all departed.

Againſt Thurſday, the widow prepared every thing to accommodate her gueſts; the taylor, not forgetting his promiſes, ſent to the widow a good fat pig and a gooſe: the parſon being as mindful as he, ſent a couple of fat rabbits and a capon; and the tanner came himſelf, and brought a good ſhoulder of mutton, half a dozen of chickens, a gallon of good ſack, and a pound of refined ſugar. The widow received their various preſents, and gave orders to her ſervants for the preparation of the feaſt.

At length, the company being come, the widow bade them all heartily welcome. The prieſt and the tanner ſeeing the taylor, muſed the cauſe of his being there; and the taylor marvelled as much at their being there. After a ſhort time the widow came out of the kitchen, in a long train gown, ſtuck full of ſilver pins, a fine white cap on her head, with cuts of curious needle work under the ſame, and an apron before her as white as the driven ſnow; and modeſtly making courteſy to them all, requeſted them to ſit down; but by ſtraining courteſy one with another, the widow, with a ſmiling countenance, took the parſon by the hand, ſaying, Sir, as you ſtand higheſt in the church, it is fit you ſhould be higheſt at table; and, therefore, I deſire you will ſit down on the bench ſide. And, Sir, ſaid ſhe to the tanner, as age is to be honoured before youth for their experience, ſo are they to ſit above batchelors for their gravity; and ſet down on the ſide oppoſite the parſon. Then coming to the taylor, ſhe ſaid, batchelor, though your lot be the laſt, your

welcome is equal with the firſt, and ſeeing your place points out itſelf, pray take a cuſhion and ſit down. And now, ſaid ſhe, to make the board equal, and becauſe it hath been an old ſaying, That three things are to ſmall purpoſe, if the fourth be away; if ſo it may ſtand, with your favour, I will call in a goſſip of mine to ſupply this void place: with a good will, replied they; with that ſhe brought in an old woman with ſcarce a tooth in her head, and placed her oppoſite the batchelor. After which, the victuals was brought in, her man John being chief ſervitor. The widow ſat down at the end of the table, between the parſon and tanner, and carved for the company.

When they had ſat ſome time, and refreſhed themſelves, the widow taking a chryſtal glaſs filled with claret, drank unto the company. The parſon pledges her, and ſo did the reſt in due order. Dinner being ended, the company roſe from the table; and after they ſat ſome time, merrily talking, the widow called to her man John, to bring a bowl of ale, which he preſently brought in; then ſaid the widow, my maſters, now for your courteſy and coſt, I heartily thank you all; and in requital of all your favour, good will, and love, I drink to you, giving you full liberty when you pleaſe to depart. At theſe words her ſuitors looked very ſour; and the taylor ſhaking up himſelf in his new ruſſet jerkin, and ſetting his hat on one ſide, ſpoke to this effect: I truſt, ſweet widow, you remember to what end my coming was to-day. I have long been a ſuitor to you, and this day you promiſed to give me a direct anſwer. 'Tis true, ſaid ſhe, and ſo I have: for your love I give you thanks, and when you pleaſe you may depart. Shall not I have you, ſaid the taylor? Alas! you are come too late, replied the widow. Good friend, ſaid the tanner, it is manners for young men to let their elders be ſerved before them: to what end ſhould I be here if the widow would have thee? a flat denial is meet for a ſaucy ſuitor: but what ſayeſt

– thou

thou unto me, fair widow? Sir, said she, because you are sharp set, I would wish you as soon as possible to wed. Appoint the time yourself, replied the tanner. Even as soon as you can get a wife, and hope not for me, said the widow, for I am already promised. Now, tanner, you may take your place with the taylor, replied the parson, for, indeed, the widow is for no man but myself. Master parson, said she, many have run near the gaol, and yet lost the game: and I cannot help it though your hope be in vain; besides parsons are but newly suffered to have wives, and for my part I will have none of the first head. What, said the taylor, is your merriment grown to this reckoning:---I never spent a pig or a goose to so bad a a purpose before. I promise you, when I came in, I verily thought that you were invited by the widow to make her and me sure together, and that the jolly tanner was brought to be a witness to the contract. And, surely, said the tanner, I knowing thee to be a taylor, did assuredly think you was appointed to come and take measure for our wedding apparel. But now we are all deceived, said the parson, and, therefore, as we came fools, so we may depart like asses. This is as you interpret the matter, said the widow; for I always thinking that a conclusive answer in a common tavern would breed a jar among you, thought it better to be done at my house, than at sundry times; and for the meat you sent, as it was unrequested, so had you your part thereof, and if you think good to take home the remaining part, prepare your wallets, and you shall have it. Nay, widow, said they, although we have lost our labours, we have not altogether lost our manners; that which you have, keep; and God send us better luck, and to you, your heart's desire; and with that they departed.

The widow being glad she was thus rid of her guests, when her man John, and the rest were at supper, she said unto them; Well, my masters, you saw this day that your poor dame had her choice of husbands, if she chused

chuſed to marry, and ſuch who would have loved and maintained her like a woman. 'Tis true, ſaid John, and I wiſh to God you have not withſtood your beſt fortune. Truſt me, ſaid ſhe, I know not; but if I have, I may thank my own fooliſh fancy.

On the next morning very early ſhe aroſe, and told her man John to fetch a link with all ſpeed; telling him ſhe had earneſt buſineſs to do that morning: her man being returned, ſhe ordered him to carry the link before her unto St. Bartholomew's chapel, where Sir John (the prieſt) with the clerk and ſexton, were waiting for her. John, ſaid ſhe, turn into the chapel, for before I go further, I will make my prayers unto St. Bartholomew, ſo ſhall I fare the better in my buſineſs. When they were in chapel, the prieſt, according to his order, came to her, and aſked, where the bridegroom was? I thought he would have been here before me, replied the widow; therefore, I will ſit down and ſay over my beads, and by that time he will come. John muſed to ſee that his dame ſhould ſo ſuddenly be married, and he hearing nothing of it before.---The widow riſing from her prayers, the prieſt told her the bridegroom was not yet come. It is true, replied the widow, than I promiſe you I will not ſtay no longer for him, if he were as good as George a Green, and, therefore, diſpatch, and marry me to my man John. Why, dame, ſaid John, I apprehend you jeſt. I jeſt not, ſaid ſhe; for I meant it ſhall be, and ſtand not ſtrangely, but remember that you promiſed me on your faith, not to hinder me of being married when I came to church, but rather ſet it forward; therefore, ſet your link aſide, and give me your hand, for none but you ſhall be my huſband. John ſeeing no remedy, conſented; and they were ſoon married. When they came home, John entertained his dame with a kiſs, which the other ſervants ſeeing, thought him impudent.

The widow cauſed the beſt cheer in the houſe to be ſet on the table, after which they went to breakfaſt, her new huſband being ſeated in a chair at the end of the table, with a napkin laid on his trencher; ſhe then called to the ſervants, and bid them ſit down and take part of their good cheer: They wondered to ſee John ſit in their old maſter's chair, began to ſmile, and, at length openly laughed at it, eſpecially becauſe their dame ſo kindly ſat by his ſide, which ſhe obſerving, aſked, if that was their manners before their maſter? I tell you, he is my huſband; for this morning we were married, and, therefore, for the future, ſee you acknowledge your duty to him: at which they looked at one another, marvelling at the ſtrange news. Which, when John perceived, he ſaid, my maſters, muſe not at all; for although by God's providence, and your dame's favour, I am preferred from being your fellow-ſervants, to be your maſter, I am not thereby ſo much lifted up in pride, that I ſhall, in any reſpect, forget my former eſtate; but ſeeng I am now to hold the place of a maſter, it will be wiſdom in you to forget what I was, and to take me as I am; and in uſing diligence, ſhall have no cauſe to repent that I am your maſter.

The next day the report was all over the town, that Jack of Newbury had married his dame; and when ſhe walked abroad, every one gave her joy: ſome ſaid, That ſhe was matched to her ſorrow; ſaying, That ſo luſty a young man as he, would never love her, as ſhe was ancient. Whereupon ſhe made anſwer, That he muſt be taken down in his wedding ſhoes, and his patience tried in the prime of his luſtineſs; to which many of her goſſips did encourage her. Every day for the ſpace of a month after ſhe was married, it was her ordinary cuſtom to go forth in the morning among her goſſips and acquaintance to make merry, and not return home till night, without any regard of her houſhold. At her coming home, her huſband did very often admoniſh her

gently, ſhewing what great inconvenience would grow thereby; which ſometimes ſhe would take in gentle part, and ſometimes in diſdain, ſaying:

I am now in very good caſe, that he which was my ſervant but the other day, will now be my maſter; thus it is for a woman to make her foot her head. The day hath been when I might have gone forth when I would, and come in when it pleaſed me, without controulment; and now I muſt be ſubject to every Jack's check: I am ſure, ſaid ſhe, by my gadding abroad, and careleſs ſpending, I waſte no goods of thine; I pitying thy poverty made thee a man, and maſter of the houſe, but not to the end I ſhould become thy ſlave; I ſcorn, I tell the true, that ſuch a youngling as thyſelf ſhould correct my conceit, and give me inſtructions, as if I were not able to guide myſelf; but, by faith, you ſhall not uſe me like a babe, nor bridle me like an aſs; and as my going abroad grieves thee, where I have gone one day, I will go three; and for one hour, will ſtay five. Well, ſaid the huſband, I truſt you will be better adviſed; and with that he went from her about his buſineſs, leaving her ſweating in her fuſtian furies.

Thus it paſt on for ſome time, till on a certain day ſhe had been abroad according to her uſual manner, and ſtaying very late, he ſhut the doors, and went to bed: about midnight ſhe came to the door, and knocked; on which her huſband went to the window, and ſpoke to her in the following manner:

What! is it you that keeps ſuch a knocking? I deſire you would go hence, and requeſt the conſtable to provide you a bed, for this night you ſhall have no lodging here. I hope, ſaid ſhe, you will not ſhut me out of doors like a dog or a drab, nor let me lie in the ſtreets like a ſtrumpet. Whether like a dog or a drab, replied he, all is one to me, knowing no reaſon but that as you have

ſtaid

ſtaid out all day for your delight, ſo you may lie out all night for my pleaſure. Both birds and beaſt at the night's approach prepare for reſt, and obſerve a convenient time to return to their habitations. Look but upon the poor ſpider, the frog, the fly, and every other ſilly worm, and you ſhall ſee theſe obſerve time to return home; and if you, being a woman, will not do the like, content yourſelf to bear the blunt of your own folly, and ſo farewell.

She, hearing this, made a piteous moan, and in a very humble manner intreated him to let her in, and pardon this offence, and vowed ſhe never would do the like. Her huſband, at length, being moved with pity towards her, ſlipt on his ſhoes, and came down in his ſhirt; the door being opened, in ſhe went quaking, and as he was going to lock it, ſhe ſaid, in a very ſorrowful manner: Alas! huſband, I had my wedding ring in my hand not a minute ago, and have let it fall ſomewhere about the door; I therefore deſire you would come out with the candle, and help to look for it. He inſtantly did ſo, and while he was looking for that which was not to be found there, ſhe ſlipped into the houſe, and ſhutting the door, locked him out; he ſtood knocking with the candle in his hand to come in, but ſhe made as if ſhe could not hear him. Preſently ſhe went up into her chamber, and carried the key with her; and when he found ſhe would not anſwer, he began to knock as loud as he could. At length, ſhe opened the window, and aſked, Who's there? 'Tis I, replied her huſband, What do you mean by this? I deſire you to come down and open the door.

What! Sir, ſaid ſhe, is it you? Have you nothing to do but dance about the ſtreet at this time of night; and like a ſpirit of the buttery hunt after crickets? Are you ſo hot that the houſe cannot hold you? Nay, I deſire thee, my dear, not to jeer any longer, but let me in. O, Sir, ſaid ſhe, How you ſtood at the window like a

judge on the bench, and in a taunting manner, kept me out of my houſe, How now, Jack; what am I even with you? What, John, my man, were you ſo luſty to lock your dame out of doors? Sirrah, Remember you bid me go to the conſtable to get lodging; now you have leiſure to try if his wife will prefer you to a bed. You Sir Sauce, who made me ſtand in the cold till my feet froze, while you ſtood preaching of birds and beaſt, and telling me a tale of ſpiders, flies, and frogs; go, try now, if any of them will be ſo friendly to let you have a lodging: Why, go you not, man? fear not to ſpeak with them, for I am ſure you will find them at home; think not, they are ſuch ill huſbands as you, to be abroad at this time of night.

With this, his patience was ſo much exhauſted, that he began to ſware, if ſhe did not let him in, he would break down the door. Why, John, ſaid ſhe, you need not be ſo hot, your cloathing is not ſo warm; and, as I think this will be a warning to you how you ſhut me out of my houſe another time---catch---there's the key; come in at thy pleaſure, and go to bed to thy fellows, for with me thou ſhalt not lie to night. With that ſhe ſhut the caſement, locked her chamber door, and went to bed. Her huſband knowing it was in vain to try to get into her chamber, and being no longer able to endure the cold, got him a place among his 'prentices, and there ſlept ſoundly. His wife roſe betime in the morning, and merrily made him a caudle, and bringing it to his bed, aſked him, How he did?

Troubled with a ſhrew, ſaid he, who, the longer ſhe lives the worſe ſhe is: and as the people of Ilyris kill men with their looks, ſo ſhe kills her huſband's heart with untowardneſs. But, truſt me, wife, ſeeing I find you poſſeſſed of ſo bad qualities, that like the ſpider you turn the ſweet flowers of good counſel into venomous poiſon; henceforth I ſhall leave you to your own wilful-

wilfulneſs, nor either vex my mind, or trouble myſelf to reſtrain you; which, if I had wiſely done laſt night, I ſhould have kept the houſe in quiet, and myſelf from cold. Huſband, ſaid ſhe, think that women are like ſtarlings, who will burſt their gall before they yield to the fowler; or like the (fiſh) Scolopendra, that cannot be touched without danger. Notwithſtanding, as the hard ſteel yields to the hammer's ſtroke, ſo will women to their huſbands, if not too much croſſed. And as you have ſworn to let me have my will, I likewiſe vow that it ſhall not offend you. And let me obſerve, The noble nature of woman is ſuch, that for their loving friends they will not ſtick (like the pelican) to pierce their own heart to do them good. Therefore forgiving each other all injuries paſt; and having tried one another's patience, let us quench theſe burning coals of contention, with a faithful kiſs, and ſhaking hands, bequeath all our anger to the eating of this caudle. Her huſband courteouſly conſented, and after this time, they long lived together in a loving manner, till her death, at which time he was left a rich widower.

CHAP. II.

Of JACK *of* NEWBURY's *great Wealth, and number of Servants; and alſo how he brought Queen* Catherine *two hundred and fifty Men prepared for War, at his own Coſt, againſt the King of* Scots *at* Floddenfield.

NOW Jack of Newbury being a widower, had choice of wives, men's daughters of good credit, and widows of great wealth. Notwithſtanding he bent his thoughts on one of his own ſervants, whom he had tried in the guiding of his houſe for a year or two; and knowing her to be careful in her buſineſs, faithful in her

dealing, and an excellent houſewife, thought it better to have her with nothing, than ſome other with much treaſure; and, beſides, as her qualities were good, ſo ſhe was very comely, and had a fair complexion. In the end he opened his mind unto her, and ſolicited her good will. The maid (though ſhe took it kind) ſaid ſhe would do nothing without the conſent of her parents; whereupon a letter was wrote to her father, a poor man, at Ayleſbury in Buckinghamſhire; who being joyful of his daughter's good fortune, came to Newbury immediately, where her maſter entertained him very friendly, ſhewed him every office in his houſe, and all his ſervants at work:

Within one room being large and long,
There ſtood two hundred looms full ſtrong;
Two hundred men, the truth is ſo,
Wrought in theſe looms all in a row;
By every one a pretty boy
Sat making quills, with mickle joy,
And in another place hard by
A hundred women merrily,
Were carding hard, with joyful cheer,
Who ſinging ſat, with voices clear;
And in a chamber cloſe beſide
Two hundred maidens did abide,
In petticoats of ſtammel red,
And milk-white kerchers on their head;
Their ſmock ſleeves like to winter ſnow,
That on the weſtern mountains flow,
And each ſleeve with a ſilken band
Was fairly tied at the hand:
Theſe pretty maids did never lin,
But in that place all day did ſpin;

And ſpinning ſo with voices meet,
Like Nightingales they ſung full ſweet.
Then to another room came they,
Were children were in poor array,
And every one ſat picking wool,
The fineſt from the coarſe to cull;
The number was ſeven ſcore and ten,
The children of poor ſilly men;
And theſe their labours to requite,
Had every one a penny at night;
Beſide their meat and drink all day,
Which was to them a wondrous ſtay.
Within another place likewiſe,
Full fifty proper men he ſpies,
And theſe were ſhearmen every one,
Whoſe ſkill and cunning there was ſhown;
And hard by them there did remain,
Full four ſcore rowers taking pain.
A dye-houſe likewiſe had he then,
Wherein he kept full forty men:
And alſo in his fulling mill,
Full twenty perſons kept he ſtill:
Eace week ten good fat oxen he
Spent in his houſe for certainty;
Beſides good butter, cheeſe, and fiſh,
And many other wholeſome diſh.
He kept a butcher all the year,
A brewer eke for ale and beer,
A baker for to bake his bread,
Which ſtood his houſhold in good ſtead;
Five cooks within his kitchen great,
Were all the year to dreſs his meat;

Six ſcullion boys unto their hands,
To make clean diſhes, pots, and pans:
Beſide poor children that did ſtay,
To turn the boaches every day.
The old man that did ſee this ſight,
Was much amazed, as well he might.
——This was a gallant Clothier ſure,
Whoſe fortune for ever ſhall endure.

When the old man had ſeen this great houſhold and family, he was taken into the warehouſes, ſome being filled with wool, flocks, woad, and madder; and others with broad cloths and kerſies ready dyed and dreſſed, beſide ſome ſtretched on tenters, others hanging on poles, and a great many lying wet in other places. Sir, ſaid the old man, I ſee you are very rich, and am content you ſhould have my daughter: God's bleſſing, and mine, light on you both.

But, father, ſaid Jack, what will you beſtow with her? Marry, hear you, replied the old man, I, faith, am but a poor man; but, I thank God, am of good eſtimation among my neighbours, and they will as ſoon take my advice for any thing as a richer man's: this I will beſtow with a good will, becauſe I hear very good commendation of you in every place, a weaning calf and twenty nobles, and when I and my wife die, you ſhall have the diſpoſal of all my goods.

When Jack heard his offer, he was content, making more reckoning of the woman's modeſty, than her father's money. The marriage day being appointed, all things were prepared for the wedding with royal cheer; and moſt of the Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen thereabout were invited. The bride being attired in a gown of ſheeps ruſſet, and a kertle of fine worſted, her head attired with a billiment of gold, and her hair, which was

yellow,

yellow, hanging down behind, curiouſly pleated according to the manner of thoſe days; ſhe was led to church between two ſweet boys, with bride laces and roſemary tied about their ſilken ſleeves; the one was ſon to Sir Thomas Parry, the other to Sir Francis Hungerford. A bride-cup of ſilver, gilt, was carried before her, wherein was a branch of roſemary, gilded, hung about with ribbands of all colours; and next followed muſicians who were playing: after the bride came the chiefeſt maidens of the country, ſome carrying great bride cakes, and others garlands of wheat, curiouſly gilded, paſſing in this manner unto church.

It is needleſs here to mention the bridegroom, who being a man ſo well beloved, wanted no company; and thoſe of the beſt ſort, beſides divers merchants who were ſtrangers of the ſtill-yard, who came from London to the wedding. The marriage being ſolemnized, they came from church in the ſame manner they went; after which they went to dinner, where there was no lack of good cheer or melody; and Rheniſh wine was as plentiful as beer or ale, as the merchants had ſent ten tuns of the beſt wine in the ſtill-yard.

The wedding laſted ten days, to the great relief of the poor that dwelt round about; and, in the end, the bride's father and mother came to pay their daughter's portion; which when the bridegroom had received, he gave them great thanks. Notwithſtanding, he would not ſuffer them to depart yet, and againſt their going home, their ſon-in-law came unto them, and ſaid, Father and mother, all the thanks that my poor heart can yield, I give you for your good will, coſt, and courteſy, and while I live, make bold to uſe me in any thing that I am able, and in requital of the gift you gave me with your daughter, I here give you twenty pounds to beſtow as you find occaſion, and for your loſs of time and charges, in riding up and down, I give you as much

broad

broad cloth as will make you a cloak, and my mother a holy-day gown, and when it is worn out, come and fetch more.

O, my good ſon, ſaid the old woman, Chriſt's bleſſing be with thee for evermore; for to tell thee true, we had ſold all our kine to make money for our daughter's marriage, and this ſeven year we ſhould not have been able to bought more; notwithſtanding, we ſhould have ſold all that ever we had, before my poor wench ſhould have loſt her marriage. I, ſaid the old man, would have ſold my coat from my back, and my bed from under me, before my girl ſhould have gone without you. I thank you, good father and mother, ſaid the bride, and I pray God long to keep you in health; at which ſhe kneeled down, and did her duty to her parents, who, weeping for joy, departed.

Not long after this, it happened, while our noble King was making war in France, that James, King of Scotland, falſly breaking his oath, invaded England with a great army, and did much hurt upon the borders; whereupon, on a ſudden, every man was appointed according to his ability to be ready with his men and furniture, at an hour's notice, on pain of death.

Jack of Newbury was commanded by the juſtice to ſet out ſix men, four armed with pikes, and two cavaleers, to meet the Queen in Buckinghamſhire, who was there raiſing a great power to go againſt that faithleſs King of Scots. When Jack had received his charge, he went home in all haſte, and cut out a whole broad cloth for horſemen's coats, and as much more to make up coats for an hundred men: In a ſhort time he made ready fifty tall men, well mounted, in white coats and red caps, with yellow feathers, demi-lances in their hands, and fifty armed men on foot, with pikes, and in white coats, with fifty ſhot; alſo every man ſo expert in handling

handling of his weapon, as few better were found in the field; and himſelf in compleat armour, on a goodly barbed horſe, rode foremoſt of the company, with a lance in his hand, and a plume of yellow feathers in his creſt, and in this manner he went before the juſtices, who, at his firſt approach, did not a little wonder who it was.

At length, when he diſcovered who he was, the juſtices and moſt of the gentlemen gave him good commendation for his forwardneſs in this action; but ſome others envying thereat, ſaid, He ſhewed himſelf more prodigal than prudent, and more vain-glorious than well adviſed, as the beſt noblemen in the country would ſcarce have done ſo much; and no marvel, ſaid they, for ſuch a one would call to his remembrance, that the King had often occaſions to urge his ſubjects to ſuch charges, therefore would do at one time as they might be able to do at another; but, Jack of Newbury, like the Stork in ſpring, thinks the higheſt cedar too low to build his neſt in, and ere the year be half gone may be glad to have a bed in a buſh.

Theſe diſdainful ſpeeches being at laſt brought to Jack of Newbury, though it grieved him much, yet patiently put them up till time convenient. Within awhile after, all the ſoldiers of Berkſhire, Hampſhire, and Wiltſhire, were commanded to appear before the Queen at Stoney Stratford, where her Majeſty, with many Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, were aſſembled with ten thouſand men. Againſt Jack ſhould go to the Queen, he cauſed his face to be ſmeared with blood, and his white coat in like manner.

When they were come before her Majeſty, ſhe demanded, above all the reſt, What thoſe white coats were? Whereupon Sir Henry Engleſield, who had the leading of the Berkſhire men, made anſwer:

May it pleaſe your Majeſty to underſtand, that he who rideth foremoſt, is called Jack of Newbury, and all thoſe gallant men in white are his own ſervants, who are maintained all the year by him, whom he at the time of extremity hath ſet out at his own coſt to ſerve the King againſt his vaunting enemy; and I aſſure your Majeſty, there is not, for the number, better ſoldiers in the field.

Good Sir Henry, ſaid the Queen, bring the man to me, that I may ſee him; which was done accordingly. Then Jack, with all his men alighted, and humbly on their knees fell before the Queen. Her Majeſty ſaid, gentlemen ariſe, and putting forth her hand, gave it him to kiſs. Moſt gracious Queen, ſaid he, gentleman I am none; nor the ſon of a gentleman, but a poor clothier, whoſe lands are his looms, having no other rents but what I get from the backs of little ſheep, nor can I claim any other cognizance but a wooden ſhuttle. Nevertheleſs, moſt gracious Queen, theſe my poor ſervants and myſelf, with life and goods, are ready at your Majeſty's command, not only to ſpend our blood, but to loſe our lives in defence of our King and country.

Welcome to me, Jack of Newbury, ſaid the Queen, though a clothier by trade, yet a gentleman by condition, and a faithful ſubject in heart; and if thou ſhould chance to have any ſuit in court, make account the Queen will be thy friend, and would to God the King had many ſuch clothiers. But tell me, how came thy white coat beſmeared with blood, and thy face to be ſcratched? May it pleaſe your Majeſty, ſaid he, to underſtand that it was my chance to meet with a monſter, who, like the people Cynomology, had the proportion of a man, but headed like a dog, the biting of whoſe teeth was like the poiſoned teeth of a Crocodile, his breath like the Baſiliſks, killing afar off, I ſuppoſe his name was Envy, who aſſailed me inviſibly, like the wicked ſpirit of Mogunce, who flung ſtones at men and could not be ſeen, ſo I came

by

by a ſcratched face, not knowing what was done. What was the cauſe, ſaid her Majeſty, that this monſter ſhould afflict thee above the reſt of the company, or other men in the field? Although, ſovereign Queen, replied Jack, this poiſoned cur ſnarled at many, and few can eſcape the hurt of his wounding breath, yet at this time he bent his force againſt me, not for any hurt I did him, but becauſe I ſurpaſſed him in hearty affection to my ſovereign Lord, and with the poor widow offered all I had to ſerve my Prince and country. It were happy for England, ſaid the Queen, if in every market town there were a gibbet to hang up curs of that kind, who, like Æſop's dog, lying in the manger, will do no good to himſelf, nor ſuffer ſuch as would. This ſpeech being ended, the Queen cauſed her army to be ſet in order, and in warlike manner marched towards Flodden, where King James had pitched his field. But as they paſſed along with drum and trumpet, there came a poſt from the valiant Earl of Surry, with tidings that ſhe might diſmiſs her army, for that the noble Earl had obtained a victory over the Scots, and ſlain their King in battle. Upon which news her Majeſty diſcharged her forces, and went joyfully to London, praiſing God for her victory, and yielding thanks to all the noble gentlemen and ſoldiers for their readineſs in the action, giving many gifts to the nobility, and great rewards to the ſoldiers; not forgetting Jack of Newbury, about whoſe neck ſhe put a rich chain of gold; at which time, he with the reſt, gave a great ſhout, ſaying, God ſave Catherine, the noble Queen of England.

Many noblemen of Scotland were taken priſoners at this battle, and many more ſlain; ſo that there never came a greater foil to Scotland than this, as the Scottiſh King made not the leaſt doubt of being Lord of the land, only waiting an opportunity for his treachery, which was when the King was at Turney and Turwin in France; on this, the Scots vaunted there were none left in England to lead an army but herds and ploughmen,

men, who had no ſkill in war; on which he invaded the country, boaſting of victory before he had won, which was no ſmall grief to his conſort, Queen Margaret, who was King Henry's eldeſt ſiſter.

In diſgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous atchieved victory, the Commons of England made this ſong, which to this time is not forgotten of many.

The SONG.

KING Jemmy hath made a vow,
Keep it well if he may,
That he will be at lovely London
Upon St. James's day.

Upon St. James's day at noon,
At fair London will I be,
And all the Lords in merry Scotland,
They ſhall dine there with me.

Then beſpake good Queen Margaret,
The tears fell from her eye,
Leave off theſe wars moſt noble King,
Keep your fidelity.

The waters run ſwift and wondrous deep,
From bottom unto the brim;
My brother Henry has men enough;
England is hard to win.

Away, ſaid he, with this ſilly fool,
In priſon faſt let her lie,
For ſhe is come of the Engliſh blood,
And for theſe words ſhe ſhall die.

That

That day made many a fatherleſs child,
And many a widow poor;
And many a Scottiſh gay Lady
Sat weeping in her bower.

With that beſpake Lord Thomas Howard,
The Queen's Chamberlain that day,
If that you put Queen Margaret to death,
Scotland ſhall rue it alway.

Then in a rage King Jemmy did ſay,
Away with this fooliſh Mome,
He ſhall be hang'd, and the other burnt,
So ſoon as I come home.

At Floddenfield the Scots came in,
Which made our Engliſhmen fain;
At Bramſtone-green this battle was ſeen,
There was King Jemmy ſlain.

Then preſently the Scots did fly,
Their cannon they left behind;
Their enſigns gay were won all away,
Our ſoldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plain, twelve thouſand were ſlain,
That to the fight did ſtand,
And many a priſoner took that day,
The beſt in all Scotland.

Jac. with a feather lapt in leather,
His boaſtings were all in vain,
He had ſuch a chance with new morrice dance,
He never went home again.

CHAP. III.

Of JACK *of* NEWBURY's *going to receive the King, as he went a Progreſs into* Berkſhire, *and how he made him a Banquet at his own Houſe.*

HIS Majeſty, in about the tenth of his year, made his progreſs into Berkſhire, againſt which time Jack of Newbury cloathed thirty tall fellows, being his houſhold ſervants, in blue coats faced with ſarſenet, every one having a good ſword and buckler on his ſhoulder, himſelf in a plain ruſſet coat, a pair of white kerſey breeches, without welt, and ſtockings of the ſame ſewed to his ſlops, and knowing that the King would come over a meadow adjoining to the town, went thither with all his men, and repairing to an ant hill, which was in the field, took his ſeat, cauſing his men to ſtand round him with their ſwords drawn.

The King coming near the place with the reſt of his Nobles, and ſeeing them ſtand with their drawn weapons, ſent to know the cauſe: Garrat, King at Arms, was the meſſenger, who ſpoke in the following manner: Good fellows, the King would know to what end you ſtand here, with ſwords and bucklers prepared to fight. Whereupon Jack of Newbury ſtarted up and made this reply; Herald, return to his Majeſty it is poor Jack of Newbury, who being ſcant Marquis of a mole hill, is choſen Prince of Ants, and here I ſtand with my weapons and guards about me to defend and keep theſe my poor and painful ſubjects from the force of the idle butterflies, their ſworn enemies, leſt they ſhould diſturb their

their quiet common wealth, who, this ſummer ſeaſon, are making proviſion for the winter.

The meſſenger returning, told the King it was one Jack of Newbury who ſtood there, with his men about him, to guard, as they ſay, a company of ants from the furious wrath of the Prince of Butterflies. With this news the King heartily laughed, ſaying, Indeed, it is no marvel he ſtands ſo well prepared, conſidering what a terrible tyrant he has to encounter with. Certainly, my Lords, ſaid he, this ſeems to be a pleaſant fellow, and, therefore, we will ſend to talk with him. The meſſenger being ſent, told Jack he muſt come and ſpeak to the King. His Majeſty hath a horſe, ſaid he, and I am on foot, therefore will he come to me; beſides, that while I am away, our enemies might come and put my people in hazard, as the Scots did England, while our King was in France. How dare the Lamb be ſo bold with the Lion in the field, ſaid the Herald? Why, if there be a Lion in the field, here is never a Cock to fright him; and tell his Majeſty he would think me a very bad Governor that would walk abroad upon pleaſure and leave my people in peril. Herald, ſaid he, it is written, he that hath a charge muſt look to it, and ſo tell thy Lord my King. The meſſage being done, the King ſaid, my Lords, ſeeing it will be no other, we will ride up to the Emperor of Ants, that is ſo careful in his government.

At the King's approach, Jack of Newbury and his ſervants put up their weapons, and with a joyful cry, flung up their caps in token of victory. Why, how now, my maſters, ſaid the King, is your wars ended? Let me ſee where the Lord General of this camp is? With that, Jack of Newbury, with all his ſervants, fell on their knees, ſaying, God ſave the King of England, whoſe fight hath put my foes to flight, and brought good peace to the labouring people. Truſt me, ſaid the King,

here

here be pretty fellows to fight againſt Butterflies; I commend your courage, that dare withſtand ſuch mighty Giants. Moſt dread Sovereign, ſaid Jack, not long ago, in my conceit, I ſaw the moſt provident nation of the Ants ſummon their chief Peers to a Parliament held in the famous city of Dry Duſty, the one and thirtieth day of September; whereas, by their wiſdom, I was choſen their King, at which time alſo many bills of complaint were brought in againſt ill members of the common wealth; among whom the Mole was attained of high treaſon to their ſtate, and therefore was baniſhed for ever from their quiet kingdom; ſo were the Graſshopper and the Caterpillar, becauſe they were not only idle, but lived on the induſtry of others; among the reſt, the Butterfly was much miſliked, but few durſt ſay any thing to him, becauſe of his golden apparel; who, through ſufferance, grew ſo ambitious and malpert, that the poor Ant could no ſooner get an egg in her neſt, but he would have it away, and eſpecially after Eaſter, which, at length, was miſliked. This painted Aſs took ſnuff in the noſe, and aſſembled a great many others of his own coat, by windy wars to root theſe painful people out of the land, that he himſelf might be ſeated above them all. Theſe were proud Butterflies, ſaid the King. Whereupon, I with my men, ſaid Jack, prepared ourſelves to withſtand them, till ſuch time as your Majeſty's royal preſence put them to flight.

Tuſh, ſaid the King, thou muſt think the force of Flies is not great. Notwithſtanding, ſaid Jack, their gay gowns make poor men afraid. I perceive, ſaid Cardinal Wolſey, that you being the King of Ants, do carry a great grudge to the Butterflies. We are as great foes as the Fox and Snake are friends, ſaid Jack, for the one of them being ſubtle, loves the other for his craft; but now I intend to be no longer a Prince, becauſe the majeſty of a King hath eclipſed my glory; ſo that looking like the Peacock on my black feet, makes me abaſe my vain-

vain-glorious feathers, and humbly I yield unto his Majeſty all my ſovereign rule and dignity, both of life and goods, caſting my weapons at his feet, to do any ſervice wherein he ſhall command me. God a-mercy, good Jack, ſaid the King, I have often heard of thee, and this morning I mean to viſit your houſe.

Thus the King with great delight rode on until he came to the town's end, where a great multitude of people attended to ſee him; and Queen Catherine with her train met him. Thus with great rejoicing of the Commons, the King and Queen paſſed on to this jolly Clothier's houſe, where the good wife of the houſe, with three ſcore maids attending, preſented the King with a Bee-hive, richly gilt, and the Bees therein were gold, curiouſly made by art, and out of the top of the ſame hive ſprung a flouriſhing green tree, which bore golden apples, and at the root thereof lay divers ſerpents ſeeking to deſtroy it, whom Prudence and Fortitude trod under their feet, holding this inſcription in their hands.

Lo! here, preſented to your ſight,
The figure of a flouriſhing common wealth,
Where virtuous ſubjects labour with delight,
And beat the drones to death that live by ſtealth.
Ambition, Envy, Treaſon, loathſome Serpents be,
Which ſeek the downfall of this fruitful tree.

But Lady Prudence, with deep-ſearching eye,
Their ill-intended purpoſe doth prevent;
And noble Fortitude ſtanding always nigh,
Diſpers'd their power prepared with bad intent:
Thus they are foil'd that mount by means unmeet,
And ſo like ſlaves are trodden under feet.

The King favourably accepted this emblem, and receiving it at the woman's hands, willed Cardinal Wolsey to look thereon, commanding it ſhould be ſent to Windſor caſtle. This Cardinal was at that time Lord Chancellor of England, and a wonderful proud Prelate, by whoſe means great variance was between the King of England, the French King, the Emperor of Germany, and divers other Princes of Chriſtendom, whereby the traffic of thoſe merchants were entirely forbidden, which bred a general woe throughout England, eſpecially among the clothiers; inſomuch, that having no ſale for their cloth, they were obliged to put away many of their people which worked for them, as hereafter will be ſeen at large.

Then was his Majeſty brought into a large hall, where four long tables were ready covered; and paſſing through, the King and Queen went into a large parlour hung with tapeſtry, where was a table prepared for their Majeſties. All the floor where the King ſat was covered with broad cloth, inſtead of green ruſhes; theſe were choice pieces of the fineſt wool, of an azure colour, valued at one hundred pounds a cloth, which was afterwards given to his Majeſty. The King being ſet with the chiefeſt of his council about him, after a delicate dinner a ſumptuous banquet was brought in, ſerved all in glaſs; the deſcription whereof is too long for me to write and you to read. The great hall was alſo filled with Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, who were attended by no other but the ſervants of the houſe. The Ladies of Honour and Gentlemen of the Court were all ſeated in another parlour by themſelves; at whoſe table the maidens of the houſe waited, being decently arrayed. The ſerving men by themſelves, and the pages and footmen by themſelves, upon whom the 'prentices did attend moſt diligently. During the King's ſtay, there was no want of delicacies; Rheniſh wine, claret, and ſack, were as plentiful as ſmall ale. Then from the higheſt to the loweſt, they were

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ſerved in ſuch a manner, as no diſcontent was found, ſo that great commendations redounded to the good man of the houſe.

The Lord Cardinal that of late found himſelf gall'd by the allegory of the Ants, ſpoke to the King in the following manner: If it ſhould pleaſe your Majeſty but to note the vain glory of theſe artificers, you would find no ſmall cauſe of diſlike in many of their actions. For inſtance, the fellow of this houſe hath not ſtuck this day to undo himſelf, only to become famous by receiving your Majeſty; like Heroſtratus, the ſhoemaker, that burned the Temple of Diana, only to get himſelf a name, more than any affection he bears to you, as may be well proved by this: Let there be but a ſimple ſubſidy levied upon them for the aſſiſtance of your Majeſty's wars, or any other weighty affairs of the common wealth and ſtate of the realm, though it be not the twentieth part of their ſubſtance, they will ſo grudge and repine, that it is wonderful, and like people deſperate, cry out, They are quite undone. My Lord Cardinal, ſaid the Queen, under correction of the King, I durſt lay an hundred pounds Jack of Newbury never was of that mind, nor is ſo at this inſtant; if you aſk him I warrant he will ſay ſo; I alſo had a proof thereof at the Scotch invaſion, at which time he being ſeſs'd but at ſix men, brought (at his own coſt) a hundred and fifty men into the field. I would I had more ſuch ſubjects, ſaid the King, and many of ſo good a mind,

Then came his Majeſty where he ſaw a hundred looms ſtanding in one room, and two men working in every one, who were pleaſantly ſinging the following ſong:

The WEAVER's Song.

WHEN Hercules did uſe to ſpin,
And Pallas wrought upon the loom,
Our trade to flouriſh did begin,
While Conſcience went not ſelling broom.
Then love and friendſhip did agreee,
To keep the bands of amity.

When Princes ſons kept ſheep in field,
And Queens make cakes of wheaten flour,
The men to lucre did not yield,
Which brought good cheer to every bower
Then love and friendſhip did agree
To hold the bands of amity.

But when the Giants huge and high,
Did fight with ſpears like Weavers beams,
Then they in iron beds did lie,
And brought poor men to hard extremes.
Yet love and friendſhip did agree
To hold the bands of amity.

Then David took his ſling and ſtone,
Not fearing great Goliah's ſtrength;
He pierced his brains and broke the bone,
Though he were fifty feet of length.
For love and friendſhip did agree, &c.

But while the Greeks beſieged Troy,
Penelope apace did ſpin,
And Weavers wrought with mickle joy,
Though little gains were coming in.
For love and friendſhip did agree, &c.

Had Helen then ſat carding wool,
(Whoſe beauteous face did cauſe ſuch ſtrife)
She had not been Sir Paris's trull,
Nor cauſed ſo many to loſe their life.
Yet we by love did ſtill agree
To hold the bands of amity.

Or had King Priam's wanton ſon,
Been making quills with ſweet content,
He had not then his friends undone;
When he to Greece a gadding went.
For love and friendſhip did agree, &c.

The cedar trees endured more ſtorms,
Than little ſhrubs that ſprout on high;
The Weavers live more void of harms,
Than Princes of great dignity.
While love and friendſhip doth agree, &c.

The Shepherd ſitting in the field,
Doth tune his pipe with heart's delight;
When Princes watch with ſpear and ſhield,
The poor man ſoundly ſleeps all night.
While love and friendſhip doth agree, &c.

Yet this by proof is daily try'd,
For God's good gifts we are ingrate,
And no man through the world ſo wide,
Lives well contented with his ſtate.
No love and friendſhip can we ſee,
To hold the bands of amity.

Well ſung, good fellows, ſaid the King, Light hearts and merry minds live long without grey hairs. There

is

is a hundred angels to make good cheer; and ſee that once a year you make a feaſt among yourſelves, and frankly (every year) I give you leave to fetch four Bucks out of Donnington park, without any man's controulment. The poor workmen humbly thanked his Majeſty for his bountiful liberality; and ever ſince it hath been a cuſtom among the Weavers, every year, ſoon after Bartholomew tide, in remembrance of the King's favour, to meet, and make a merry feaſt.

His Majeſty went next among the Spinners and Carders, who were merrily working. The King, Queen, and all the Nobility, took much notice of the women, who for the moſt part were very fair and comely, and were all attired alike from top to toe. Then, after due reverence, the maidens chanted the following ſong in a ſweet manner, two of them ſinging the ditty, and the reſt bearing chorus.

The MAIDENS Song.

IT was a Knight in Scotland born,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Was taken priſoner and left forlorn,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

Then he was caſt in priſon ſtrong,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Where he could not walk nor lie along,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

And as in ſorrow thus he lay,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
The Earl's ſweet daughter walks that way,
And ſhe is the fair flower of Northumberland.

And

And paſſing by like an Angel bright,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
This priſoner had of her a ſight,
And ſhe was the fair flower of Northumberland

And aloud to her this Knight did cry,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
The ſalt tears ſtanding in his eye,
And ſhe the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fair Lady, he ſaid, take pity on me,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And let me not in priſon die,
And you the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fair Sir, how ſhould I take pity on thee,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Thou being a foe to our country,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fair Lady, I am no foe, he ſaid,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Through thy ſweet love here was I ſtay'd,
For thee the fair flower of Northumberland.

Why ſhould'ſt thou come here for love of me,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Having wife and children in thy country,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

I ſwear by the Bleſſed Trinity,
Follow my love, come over Strand;
I have no wife, nor children I,
Nor dwelling at home in merry Scotland.

If courteouſly you will ſet me free,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
I vow that I will marry thee,
So ſoon as I come in fair Scotland.

Thou ſhalt be a Lady of caſtles and towers,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And ſit like a Queen in princely bowers,
When I am at home in fair Scotland.

Then parted hence this Lady gay,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And got her father's ring away,
To help this Knight into fair Scotland.

Likewiſe much gold ſhe got by ſleight,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And all to help this forlorn Knight,
To wend from her father to fair Scotland.

Two gallant ſteeds both good and able,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
She likewiſe took out of the ſtable,
To ride with the Knight into fair Scotland.

And to the Jailer ſhe ſent this ring,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
The Knight from priſon forth did bring,
To wend her into fair Scotland.

This token ſet the priſoner free,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Who ſtraight went to this fair Lady,
To wend with her into fair Scotland.

A gallant ſteed he did beſtride,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And with the Lady away did ride,
And ſhe the fair flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Good Sir how ſhould I follow you here,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

The water is rough and wonderful deep,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And on my ſaddle I ſhall not keep,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fear not the ford, fair Lady, ſaid he,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
For long I cannot ſtay for thee,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

The Lady pricked her wanton ſteed,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And over the river ſwam with ſpeed,
And ſhe the fair flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was ſhe,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
This have I done for love of thee,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Thus rode ſhe all one winter's night,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
'Till Edinburgh they ſaw in ſight,
The faireſt town in Scotland.

Now chuſe, ſaid he, thou wanton flower,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Whether thou wilt be my paramour,
Or get thee home to Northumberland.

For I have wife and children five,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
In Edinburgh they be alive,
Then get thee home to fair England.

This favour thou ſhalt have to boot,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
I'll have my horſe, go thou on foot,
Go, get thee home to Northumberland.

O! falſe and faithleſs Knight, ſaid ſhe,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And canſt thou deal ſo bad with me,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Diſhonour not a Lady's name,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
But draw thy ſword, and end thy ſhame,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

He took her from her ſtately ſteed,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And left her there in extreme deed,
And ſhe the fair flower of Northumberland.

Then ſet ſhe down full heavily,
Follow my love, come over Strand;
At length two Knights came riding by,
Two gallant Knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Saying, Courteons Knights, take pity on me,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

I have offended my father dear,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And by a falſe Knight that brought me here,
From the good Earl of Northumberland.

They took her up behind them then,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And brought her to her father again,
And he the good Earl of Northumberland.

All you fair Maidens be warned by me,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Scots never were true, nor never will be,
To Lord nor Lady, nor fair England.

After the King and Queen had heard this ſong, his Majeſty made them a handſome preſent; and afterwards went to the fulling mill and dye-houſe, where a great many were hard at work; and his Majeſty obſerving what a great number of people were by this one man employed, both admired and commended him, ſaying, That no trade in all the land was ſo much to be cheriſhed and maintained as this, which, ſaid he, may be called The Life of the Poor.

And as the King went from this place, with an intent to take horſe and depart, there met him a great many children in garments of white ſilk, fringed with gold, their heads crowned with golden bays, and about their arms each one had a ſcarf of green ſarſenet faſt tied, and in their hands they bore ſilver bows, and under their gir-

dles golden arrows. The foremoſt of them repreſented Diana, Goddeſs of Charity, who was attended by a train of beautiful Nymphs, and they repreſented to the King four priſoners; the firſt was a ſtern and griſly woman, with a frowning countenance, her forehead full of wrinkles, her hair as black as pitch, her garments all bloody, and a great ſword in her hand all ſtained with purple gore; they called her name Bellona, Goddeſs of War, who had three daughters, the firſt of them was a tall woman, ſo lean and ill favoured, that her cheek bones were ready to ſtart out of her ſkin, of a pale and deadly colour, her eyes ſunk in her head, her legs ſo feeble they could ſcarce carry her body; along her arms and hands, through the ſkin, you might tell the ſinews, joints, and bones; her teeth were very ſtrong and ſharp; ſhe was ſo greedy that ſhe was ready with her teeth to tear the ſkin from her own arms; her attire was black, all torn and ragged; ſhe went bare footed, and her name was Famine. The ſecond was a ſtrong and luſty woman, with pitileſs and unmerciful countenance; her garments were all made of iron and ſteel, and carried in her hand a naked weapon, and ſhe was called the Sword. The third was a cruel creature, her eyes did ſparkle like burning coals, her hair was like a flame, and her garments like burning braſs; ſhe was ſo hot that none could ſtand near her, and they called her name Fire.

After this, they retired again, and brought unto his Majeſty two other Perſonages, their countenance was princely and amiable, their attire moſt rich and ſumptuous; the one carried in his hand a golden trumpet, and the other a palm tree; and theſe were called Fame and Victory, whom the Goddeſs of Chaſtity charged to wait upon this famous Prince for ever. This done, each child, one after the other, with due reverence, gave unto his Majeſty a ſweet ſmelling gillyflower, after the manner of the Perſians, offering ſomething in token of loyalty and obedience.

The King and Queen beholding the ſweet favour and countenance of theſe children, demanded of Jack of Newbnry whoſe children they were? He anſwered, It ſhall pleaſe your Majeſty to underſtand, that theſe are children of poor people, that get their living by picking of wool. With that the King began to tell his gilly-flowers, where he found there were ninety ſix children. Certainly, ſaid the Queen, I perceive God gives as fair children to the poor as the rich, and fairer many times, and though their diet and keeping be but ſimple, the bleſſing of God doth cheriſh them; therefore, ſaid the Queen I do requeſt to have two of them to wait in my chamber. Fair Catherine, ſaid the King, you and I are of one opinion, thinking theſe children fitter for the court than the country; whereupon he made choice of a dozen more; four he ordered to be pages to his royal perſon, and the reſt he ſent to univerſities, allotting to every one a gentleman's living.

Divers of the Noblemen did in like manner entertain ſome of thoſe children in their ſervice, ſo that, in the end, not one was left to pick wool, but were all ſo provided for, that their parents never had any further trouble with them, and God ſo bleſſed them, that each of them came to be men of great account and authority, whoſe poſterities remain to this day worſhipful and famous.

The King, Queen, and Nobles being ready to depart, after great gifts and thanks to Jack of Newbury, his Majeſty would have knighted him, but he meekly refuſing it, ſaying, I beſeech you, my Sovereign, to let me live a poor Clothier among my people, in whoſe maintainance I take more felicity than in all the vain titles of gentility; for theſe are the labouring Ants whom I ſeek to defend, and theſe are the Bees which I keep, who labour in this life, not for themſelves, but for the glory of God, and to do ſervice to our dread Sovereign, Thy Knighthood

need

need be no hindrance of thy faculty, said the King. O, my dread Sovereign, said Jack, honour and worship may be compared to the lake of Lethe, which makes men forget themselves who taste thereof; and to the end that I may still keep in mind from whence I came, and what I am, I beseech your Majesty to let me rest in my russet coat, a poor Clothier to my dying day. Seeing, said the King, that a man's mind is a kingdom to himself, I will leave thee to the riches of thy own content, and so farewell.

The Queen taking her leave of the good wife with a kiss, gave her in token of remembrance a precious diamond set in gold, about which was curiously set six rubies and six emeralds in one piece, valued as nine hundred marks, after which her Majesty departed.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Pictures which JACK *of* NEWBURY *had in his Houſe, whereby he encouraged his Servants to Fame and Dignity.*

IN a large parlour, which was wainſcoted, were fifteen Pictures, covered with green ſilk, fringed with gold; theſe Jack of Newbury would frequently ſhew to his friends and ſervants.

I. Was the picture of a Shepherd, before whom kneeled a great King, named Viriat, who ſometime governed the people of Portugal. See here, ſaid Jack, the Father a Shepherd, the Son a Sovereign. This man ruled in Portugal, and made great wars againſt the Romans, and after that invaded Spain, but in the end was traiterouſly ſlain.

II. Was the portraiture of Agithocles, which for his ſurpaſſing wiſdom and manhood, was created King of Sicilia, and maintained battle againſt the people of Carthage. His Father was a poor Potter, before whom he alſo kneeled. And it was the uſe of this King that whenſoever he made a banquet, he would as well have veſſels of earth as gold ſet upon the table, to the intent that he might always bear in mind the place of his beginning, his father's houſe, and family.

III. Was the picture of Iphicrates, an Athenian, who vanquiſhed the Lacedemonians in open battle. This man

was

was Captain-General to Artaxerxes, King of Perſia, whoſe father was, notwithſtanding, a Cobler, and there pictured. Eumenes was alſo a famous Captain to Alexander the Great, whoſe father was no other than a Carter.

IV. Was the ſimilitude of Elius Portinax, ſometime Emperor of Rome, yet was his father but a Weaver; and afterwards to give example to others of low condition to bear in mind worthy men, he cauſed the ſhop to be beautified with marble curiouſly cut, wherein his father got his living.

V. Was the picture of Diocleſian, that ſo much adorned Rome with his magnificent and triumphant victories. This was a moſt famous Emperor, altho' no other than the ſon of a Book-binder.

VI. Was Valentinian, painted moſt curiouſly; who was alſo crowned Emperor, and was but the ſon of a poor Rope maker, as was expreſſed in the picture, where his father was painted by him, working at his buſineſs.

VII. Was the Emperor Probus, whoſe father being a Gardener, was pictured by him, holding a ſpade.

VIII. Was Marcus Aurelius, whom every age honoureth, he was both a wiſe and prudent Emperor, and yet but a Cloth Weaver's ſon.

IX. Was the proportion of the valiant Emperor Maximinius, the ſon of a Blackſmith, who was painted as he uſed to work at the anvil.

X. Was

X. Was the Emperor Gabienus, who at the firſt was but a poor Shepherd.

XI. XII. Were two Popes, whoſe wiſdom and learning advanced them to that dignity. The firſt was a lively portrait of Pope John, the twenty-ſecond, who increaſed their rents and patrimony greatly, whoſe father was a Shoemaker. The other Pope Sextus, the fourth of that name, and ſon of a poor Mariner.

XIII. Was Lamuſius, King of Lombardy, who was not better than the ſon of a common ſtrumpet; being painted like a naked child walking on the water, and taking hold of the point of a lance, by which he hung faſt, and ſaved himſelf. The reaſon whereof is this; after his lewd mother was delivered of him, ſhe unnaturally threw him into a deep ſtinking ditch, wherein was ſome water; King Agilmond paſſing that way, found the child almoſt drowned, who moving him ſomewhat with the point of his lance, the better to perceive what he was, the child, tho' newly born, took hold thereof with one of his hands, not ſuffering it to ſlide away again; which, the Prince conſidering, and being amazed at the ſtrange force of this young infant, cauſed it to be carefully taken up, and foſtered; and becauſe the place where he found it was called Lamo, he named the child Lamuſius; who grew to be a brave man, and ſo much honoured of fortune, that, in the end, he was crowned King of the Lombards, who lived there in honour, and in ſucceſſion after him, even unto the time of the unfortunate King Albovina, when all came to ruin, ſubverſion, and deſtruction.

XIV. Was Brimiſlas, King of Bohemia, moſt accurately drawn, before whom ſtood a horſe, without bridle or ſaddle, in a field, where husbandmen were at plough. The cauſe why the King was thus painted, ſaid Jack, was this. At that time the King of the Bohemians died without iſſue,

and great ſtrife being among the Nobility for a new King, at length they all conſented that a horſe ſhould be let into a field without bridle or ſaddle, having all determined with a moſt aſſured purpoſe to make him their King before whom the horſe reſted. The horſe ſtated himſelf before Brimiſlas, a ſimple creature, who was then driving the plough. They preſently made him their Sovereign, who ordered himſelf and his kingdom very wiſely; he ordained many good laws, and encompaſſed the city of Prague with ſtrong walls, beſides many other things meriting commendation.

XV. Was the picture of Theophraſtus, a Philoſopher, Counſellor of Kings, and companion of Nobles, who was but the ſon of a Taylor.

Seeing then, my good ſervants, that theſe men have been advanced to high eſtate and princely dignities, by wiſdom, learning, and diligence, I would wiſh you to imitate the like virtues, that you might attain the like honours, for which of you doth know what good fortune God hath in ſtore for you? there is none of you ſo poorly born, but that men of baſer birth have come to great honours;--the idle hand ſhall go in a ragged garment, and the ſlothful live in reproach; but ſuch as lead a virtuous life, and govern themſelves diſcreetly, ſhall be eſteemed of the beſt, and ſpend their days in credit.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How all the Clothiers in England joined together, and with one Conſent complained to the King of their great Hindrance ſuſtained for want of Traffic into other Countries, whereupon they could get no Sale for their Cloth.

BY means of the wars many Merchant Strangers were prohibited from coming to England, and alſo our own Merchants in like ſort, were forbidden to have dealings with France or the Low Countries; by means whereof the Clothiers had moſt of their cloth laying on their own hands, and that which they ſold was at ſo low a rate, that the money ſcarcely paid for the wool and workmanſhip. Whereupon they thought to eaſe themſelves by abating the poor workmen's wages; and when they did not prevail, they turned away their people, weavers, ſhearmen, ſpinners, and carders, ſo that where there were one hundred looms kept in one town, there was ſcarcely fifty, and he that kept twenty put down ten. Many a poor man for want of work was hereby undone, with his wife and children; and it made a poor widow to ſit with a hungry belly. In the end, Jack of Newbury intended, in behalf of the poor, to make a ſupplication to the King; and to the end he might do it more effectually, ſent letters to all the chief cloathing towns in England, to this effect:

The LETTER.

WELL-beloved Friends and Brethren, having a taſte of the general grief and feeling, in ſome meaſure, of the extremity of the times, I fell into conſideration by what means we might beſt expel theſe ſorrows, and recover our former commodity. When I had well thought thereon, I found that nothing was more needful herein than a faithful unity among ourſelves. This ſore of neceſſity can no way be cured but by concord; for like as the flame conſumes the candle, ſo men through diſcord waſte themſelves. The poor hate the rich becauſe they will not ſet them to work; and the rich hate the poor becauſe they ſeem burtheinſome; ſo that both are offended for want of gain. When Belinus and Brennas were at ſtrife, the Queen, their mother, in their greateſt fury perſuaded them to peace, by urging her conception of them in one womb, and mutual cheriſhing of them from their tender years; ſo let the Art of Cloathing, which, like a kind mother, hath cheriſhed us with the excellency of her ſecrets, perſuade us to a unity. Though our occupation be decayed, let us not deal with it as men do with their old ſhoes, which, after they have long borne them out of the mire, do, in the end, fling them on the dunghill; or, as the huſhandman doth by his bees, who, for the honey, burns them. Dear Friends, conſider that our trade will maintain us if we uphold it; and there is nothing baſe but that which is baſely uſed. Aſſemble yourſelves therefore together, and in every town tell the number of thoſe that have their livings by means of this trade; note it in a hand bill, and ſend it to me, And becauſe ſuits in courts are like winter nights, long and weariſome, let there be a weekly collection made to defray charges; for, I tell you, Noblemen's Secretaries and cunning Lawyers have ſlow tongues and deaf ears;

ears; which muſt daily be anointed with the ſweet oil of angels. Then let two honeſt diſcreet men be choſen, and ſent out of every town to meet me at Blackwell-hall, in London, on All Saint's eve, and then we will preſent our humble petition to the King. Thus I bid you heartily farewell.

Copies of this letter being ſealed, they were ſent to all the cloathing towns of England, the weavers both of linen and woollen gladly received them; ſo that when all the bills were brought together, their were found of the clothiers, and thoſe they maintained, ſixty thouſand and ſix hundred. Moreover, every cloathing town ſending up two men to London, they were found to be one hundred and twelve perſons, who, in a very humble manner fell down before his Majeſty, walking in St. James's park, and delivered unto them their petition. The King preſently peruſed it, and aſked if they were clothiers, to which one of them made the following reply:

We are, moſt gracious King, all poor clothiers, and your Majeſty's faithful ſubjects. My Lords, ſaid his Majeſty, let theſe mens complaints be thoroughly conſidered, and their griefs redreſſed, for I account them in the number of the beſt common wealth's men. As the Clergy for the ſoul, the Soldier for defence of his country, the Lawyer to execute juſtice, and the huſbandman to feed the belly; ſo is the ſkilful Clothier no leſs neceſſary for cloathing the back, whom we may reckon among the yeomen of the land; and as the chryſtal ſight of the eye is tenderly to be kept from harms, becauſe it gives the whole body light; ſo is the Clothier whoſe cunning hand provides garments to defend our naked parts from the winter's nipping froſt. Many more reaſons there are which may move us to redreſs their griefs, but let it ſuffice that I command to have it done. With that his Majeſty delivered the petition to the Lord Chancellor; and all the Clothirs:, cried, God ſave the King. During

the

the courſe of this affair, Jack of Newbury exerted his utmoſt ſkill.

Finally, It was agreed that Merchants ſhould freely traffic one with another, and the proclamation thereof ſhould be made as well on the other ſide of the ſea as the land; but it was long before this was effected, by reaſon of the Cardinal being Lord Chancellor, put off the matter from time to time.

The Cardinal, who was of a very high ſpirit, was much diſpleaſed at Jack of Newbury, wherefore, in his rage, he commanded all the Clothiers to be put in priſon, becauſe one ſhould not ſue for the others releaſe. Four days theſe men lay in the Marſhalſea, till at laſt they made their humble petition to the King for their releaſe, but ſome of the Cardinal's friends kept it from the King's ſight. Notwithſtanding, the Duke of Somerſet knowing thereof, ſpoke to the Lord Chancellor about the matter, deſiring him to ſpeedily releaſe them, leſt it bred ſome diſpleaſure; for you may ſee, ſaid the Duke, how high the King eſteems the Clothiers. Sir, ſaid the Cardinal, I doubt not but to anſwer their impriſonment well enough, and, I dare warrant you, if Jack of Newbury was well examined, he would be found to be infected with Luther's ſpirit, againſt whom the King hath of late written a moſt learned book; for which his Holineſs the Pope hath entitled his Majeſty Defender of the Faith; therefore, I tell you ſuch fellows are fitter to be faggots for fire, than fathers of families; notwithſtanding, at your Grace's requeſt, I will releaſe them On which the Cardinal ſent for the Clothiers to come before him at Whitehall, to his new built houſe; and there beſtowing his bleſſing upon them, ſaid, though you have offended me, I pardon you; for as St. Stephen forgave his enemies that ſtoned him, and our Saviour thoſe ſimple men that crucified him; ſo I do forgive you that high treſpaſs committed

committed in diſgrace of my birth;* for herein do men come neareſt to God, in ſhewing mercy: But ſee you offend no more; touching your ſuit it is granted, and to-morrow ſhall be publiſhed through London. On which they departed, and the Cardinal kept his word. The Still-yard Merchants being joyful thereof, made the Clothiers a great banquet. After which each man departed home, carrying tidings of their good ſucceſs, ſo that in a ſhort ſpace Cloathing was again very good, and poor men ſet to work as before.

Mr. Winchcomb lived many years an ornament to ſociety, and a great promoter of the Cloathing branch. He built the tower, with all the weſtern part of Newbury church, and died February 15, 1519, as appears by his epitaph ſtill remaining in the church.

* *Jack of Newbury ſaid, If my Lord Chancellor's father had been no haſtier in killing of calves, than he in diſpatching of poor men's ſuits, I think he never would have worn a mitre. This was ſaid in the hearing of a Sycophant, who told the Cardinal.*

F I N I S.